

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

The sniper lay prone
Covered in camo
A 50-cal Barrett
Sighted and leveled
On the soldier who stood
Some 300 yards down range.

Calmly he counted the cadence to fire.
The lethal dart flew,
its solitary fang aimed to lay low
the unshaven boy,
taking a rest and a smoke,
against the stone fence along the road down below.

Did he have a home? A wife? A child?
Did he pray or paint?
Was he harsh or mild?
Did he laugh or sing ...
Or do any damn thing
Other than play mouse to the cat
With the 50-cal Barrett
Whose intent was to make meal of his sinew and bone?

I took that job because I had no other
Could shoot fairly well
And could only shudder at the prospect
Of spending my time
In the fry cook line
Of my local Burger Bar.

Did I feel guilt?
Not by that name.
He was my enemy.
He'd likely do the same given the chance
To smoke my ass
with his own well-place round of lead.

So I'm good with it.
I mean, what?
You want me to give a shit
About something I don't control,
And don't own?
Just doing what I was told, is all.
Just doing what I was told.